

Photograph

A Sonnet

When we woke that morn,
we saw the snow had fallen the night before,
blanketing the landscape in a glaze of pure, white ice.

Our excitement was visible in the way
my brothers and I donned winter attire,
whatever we could find of hats, gloves, coats.

We raced outside, towards this winter wonderland
that had sprung overnight. The first
since we had moved in six months earlier.

Father met us at the back of the house, mouths wide
with glee and snow thrown in every direction, holding
the trusty grey camera bought when first he came to America.

We knew what was coming. Huddled in our band of three
and *Snap!* We were one together and young.